

that her mission was solely to help them. I gave her the place as book-keeper in my creamery and, though she is the owner of more property than I, she was an ideal working girl. She was reared in one of the most exclusive and cultured homes in the city by a woman who is a social leader, but a Christian, nevertheless.

"Nina is envied for her exquisite tact and influence among young people, but, thanks to her home training, is as unspoiled as a country wild flower. I will spare her a little longer, since you think she is doing so much good, but we are lonely without her. I am sure she will not be satisfied until you have gathered her young friends safely into the church of God and started them in the footsteps of the Saviour, whose devout follower she is.

"From Nina I hear how you are loved and respected by your people. May God crown your work with abundant success.

Your friend,

"ARTHUR BANKS."

—The Standard.

Nellie's Lesson.

"You may stand on the floor until the bell rings," said Miss Cramer to the little new scholar, whose name was Nellie, and who had refused to do most everything the teacher had required of her.

Then, turning to the other pupils, she said, "You will all be sorry for this little girl when I tell you she has never been taught to obey."

The small, mischievous figure stood twisting one hand about the thumb of the other and scowling until her black brows met. Suddenly she said, with a stamp of her tiny foot:

"I'll tip the table over!"

To which Miss Cramer quietly replied, "Well, tip the table over," as if that were a trifling matter.

"I'll knock the stove down!"

"Very well, knock it down," said Miss Cramer. But she wanted to laugh.

"I'll break all the windows!"

"Very well."

There was silence for a few minutes. Then, "I don't care; I killed a fly yesterday, anyhow!"

Here the whole school laughed, and Miss Cramer laughed with them, and, as it was noon, she dismissed them.

During the afternoon session Nellie behaved about as she pleased, roaming about the room and talking or singing, and, when reproved, declared that she couldn't keep still; mamma said she couldn't.

Next morning Miss Cramer called the child to her; then, turning to the pupils, she said: "You have all seen and heard a good deal of Nellie Stratton. Now all those who think that Nellie can sit down and keep still and behave like a lady may raise their hands."

Every hand went up.

"Now you may tell Nellie what name we have for a girl or boy who behaves as she has done."

"Baby!" shouted the forty voices, and Nellie's face grew crimson.

"Now," continued the teacher, "if Nellie thinks that Nellie Stratton can behave like a lady, she may raise her hand."

A moment's hesitation, then up went the hand, and, turning to Miss Cramer, the child said, "You put up your hand."

"Yes, indeed I will, for I am sure that Nellie can if she tries." And so up went the teacher's hand, and Miss Nellie was quiet all the afternoon.

As time went on she sometimes forgot; but Miss Cramer had only to turn her around and say, "Let me see if Nellie is growing backward into a baby instead of forward into a big girl," and Nellie would straighten out her wriggles and promptly say, "No, I isn't."

When school closed for the holidays, and the children all flocked around the teacher to bid her good-bye, Nellie threw her arms about Miss Cramer's neck, saying, "I love you; you're so good I'd like to eat you with a spoon."

"Do you know that one reason why you love me is that you obey me?" asked Miss Cramer. "We all obey some one, you know, dear. We must, to be happy."

"Who do you mind?" asked Nellie.

"God," said her teacher, softly.—Child's Hour.

A strange instrument hung on an old castle wall—so the legend runs. No one knew its use. Its strings were broken and covered with dust. Those who saw it wondered what it was, and how it had been used. Then, one day, a stranger came to the castle gate and entered the hall. His eye saw the dark object on the wall, and, taking it down, he reverently brushed the dust from its sides, and tenderly reset its broken strings. Then chords long silent woke beneath his touch, and all hearts were strangely thrilled as he played. It was the master, long absent, who had returned to his own.

It is but a legend, yet the meaning is plain. In every human soul there hangs a marvellous harp, dust-covered, with strings broken, while yet the Master's hand has not yet found it. Is your soul-harp hanging silent on the wall? Have you learned the secret of glad, happy days?

Open your heart every morning to Christ. Let him enter and repair the strings which sin has broken, and sweep them with his skillful fingers, and you will go out to sing, through all the day. Only when the song of God's love is singing in our hearts are we ready for the day.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

The Young People

EDITOR, J. W. BROWN.

All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. J. W. Brown, Havelock, N. B., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, June 2.—Revelation 12. Now is come the kingdom of our God (v. 10). Compare Rev. 11: 15.
Tuesday, June 3.—Revelation 13: 1-10. Who are not written in the book of life? (v. 8). Compare Rev. 3: 5.
Wednesday, June 4.—Revelation 13: 11-18. The mark for destruction (v. 16). Compare Rev. 14: 9-10.
Thursday, June 5.—Revelation 14: 1-12. The Lamb on Mount Zion (v. 1). Compare Psalm 2: 6.
Friday, June 6.—Revelation 14: 13-20. The crowned One with a sharp sickle (v. 14). Compare Rev. 1: 13.
Saturday, June 7.—Revelation 15. All the nations shall worship before thee (v. 4). Compare Isa. 66: 23.

Prayer Meeting Topic—June 1.

The Purpose of His Coming. Matthew 18: 11; John 10: 10.

Why the Son of Man Came.

The Son of God came to earth on a mission great enough to justify his coming; for he came to seek and to save the lost. The work was too great for prophet or angel; hence the Son of God volunteered to go and reclaim the sinful and depraved among men by the sacrifice of his own precious blood.

SEEKING AND SAVING LOST CLASSES.

In every century of human history and in every country of the world there are certain classes which are already lost. Society counts the impure woman and the drunkard as hopelessly lost. They are trampled upon as refuse in the streets and driven from the homes and places of business of respectable persons. But Jesus came with a message of hope for the publicans and the harlots. Cultivated and refined men often complained because he ate and drank with these despised classes. Our Lord replied that as a physician he must visit the sick and minister to them. Respectable people thought themselves whole and had no use for his services. A few at least of the submerged classes found in Jesus a physician for both soul and body. How could Mary Magdalene ever forget the friend who sought her when she was dominated by seven demons, and restored her to sanity, purity and peace of soul? Here was a teacher not ashamed to be found talking with a sinful woman; for he came to save the lost. He could transform the harlot of to-day into the blessed evangelist of to-morrow. Jesus Christ was the best friend the submerged classes of society ever had, and his gospel is the only hope for the millions who are now groping in the midnight blackness of sin.

SAVING LOST NATIONS.

Our Lord was sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel during the few years of his ministry on earth, but he spoke of the day when he would draw all men, Greek as well as Jew, unto himself. The Jews were unwilling that other peoples should be saved, unless they would become Jews. Is there not just now danger that the Anglo-Saxon peoples will conclude that the choice of God has fallen upon us, and that we are the only peoples worth saving? Our Lord Jesus came to save the lost; and those who follow in his footsteps will seek the ignorant and degraded folk with a view to lifting them into living fellowship with God. China, India, Africa and the islands of the sea are lost without the gospel. The most highly cultivated classes in these countries do not know the living God as father and friend.

SAVING LOST INDIVIDUALS.

Men must be won to Christ man by man. There must be individual work for individuals. How our Lord Jesus delighted in this personal heart-to-heart work with souls! Even in the most favored communities and in the finest families there are individuals who are lost. These wanderers must be sought and won.

SEEKING THE LOST.

Jesus hunted for them. He was truly a fisher of men. Nothing so delighted him as to find a hopeless wanderer and bring him safe to the Father's house. Men flocked around our Lord to hear him preach and to witness his miracles of mercy. He might therefore have excused himself from the task of seeking the lost; but he tramped all over Palestine to find the souls that were in need of his help. All about us are men lost in the mazes of error, sunk in the mire of sin, and in need of a personal friend if they are ever to be saved.

JOHN R. SAMPEY, in Baptist Union.

Louisville, Ky.

The Shadow in the Track.

The overtaking of justice, and the sure results of an evil life, have recently been strikingly illustrated in the arrest of a prominent citizen in one of the southwestern

states. It is a pathetic story, and ought not to pass without a wholesome word for young men, who may think that evil can be covered up, and a man be all the gainer.

Some years ago a man was arrested in Texas, charged with passing counterfeit money; he was tried and sentenced to a long imprisonment, but managed to make his escape. He went into another state and began life anew. He was greatly prospered, and by honorable living and working he became one of the best citizens of his section of the state. He amassed large wealth; was well known for his philanthropy; was urged to accept political honors, but refused them all; it is said he might have gone to Congress from his district, had he chosen to accept the nomination. In every way his life was an exemplary one, being regarded as a model man in the community. He was liberal to the churches, though he would join none of them.

A few weeks ago an officer of the United States secret service called at his office, addressed him in his right name, told his errand—and the secret was out. He asked for a few hours in which to arrange some business matters, and then without any protest went away with the officer to Texas, to serve his term in the penitentiary. It is to be hoped that a pardon will quickly follow; punishment can work no good in his case, either to the state or to himself; his after-life should count for much in considering the matter of his imprisonment.

There is, however, a side to the incident, which we ought not overlook. There is an old saying, too often forgotten in the present day: "Be sure your sin will find you out." We need to hear it again and again. Too often do we hear the suggestion: "That is all right—so long as you are not found out." But men are found out; the world is too small for a man to hide in it. Though wrong may go unpunished for a long while, judgment will sooner or later overtake the wrong-doer. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper." But that is not the worst of it. The unfortunate man whose story we have been telling, said that the fear and expectation of arrest and exposure had haunted him ever since he fled. That must have been a fearful punishment, through all the years in which he was trying to lead an honorable life; he could not get away from the shadow hanging over him by day and night. The consciousness of his wrongdoing was ever with him; it poisoned every hour of the day, filled the nights with visions of punishment and exposure sure to come at last. It must have been a fearful experience. He could never get away from the shadow in his track. Here is an illustration of the way in which sin brings with it punishment keener than any judge can minister; it is the loss of inner peace. That unfortunate man lived in perdition every day—and he never got out of it.

Have We Stopped Working?

A lady said to me recently: "That church has come to the period when they have stopped working." The remark impressed me. I had known the church in its origin, when it fought for organization and recognition, for means to build a home. Then under a heavy debt they pulled hard and pulled together and kept up the strain, till the debt was off and the pressure lifted; and now I am told that they have "stopped working." It is the critical hour, and the hour of criticism. I would rather have a church mortgaged clear up to the eaves than a church resting. There are such periods in Christian lives. When we came to Christ we were full of zeal, but after—

The churches of our land have to face this same period. In mission fields there is a great area of untouched soil, and advance is necessary. Here, we must reach out for world-conquest. Missions are the salvation of the churches of the homeland. There is a feature of death in all life. We must grow to live. I have noticed in recent articles a backward look of almost longing for the days of persecution, which were the days of progress. It is the restlessness of life to advance. The days of resistance have given place to progress by attack.

"Ye did run well, who did hinder you?" Success is in proportion to aggression. Ideality is growth. An un-reached goal is a permanent inspiration. High ideals forbid stalling. Seed, blade, ear, full-grown corn—childhood, manhood, maturity—these are symbolic of life. Stillness is type of stagnation. Life was never meant to be a thing of memory. The future was never meant to be relegated to the yesterdays. Life should be crisp and fresh and vital as a flower just picked. Life's river was never meant to run underground part of its course. Underground Christians! What a characterization! Candles under a bed! Out-of-sight Christians! Under-a-cloud stars! Servants temporarily off duty—crippled, laid up, relaxed, retrospective spirits.

On street-car windows are the words: "Passenger please keep their seats till the car stops. Face forward." That is good sense—"face forward," then you will not get jerked over backward when the car stops or when you step off the car in motion. "He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of God." The great commission was a message of conquest. It is significant that the record of our Lord's life for eighteen years, between twelve and thirty, is this: "And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in grace with God and man."

Once Spain, in ignorance of new worlds, stamped her coin with this legend, *ne plus ultra*—no more beyond. When a bold spirit sailed out to find new worlds of beauty and wealth she changed her legend to *plus ultra*—more beyond. Shall we not cease to play the proud, but ignorant, Spaniard? Shall not every Christian church, every young people's society, every Christian indeed, strike the negative from his life? Shall we not in our high calling sail out through our Gibraltar to some new land to be made rich for Christ and ready for heaven?

REV. F. W. LOCKWOOD.